

The ANTI-CURSE.

48.
Curs't be the Stars which did or-
dain,
That Whigs in *England* e'er
should reign,

Who by their damn'd rebellious brood,
Laid the Three Kingdoms all in Blood;
Curs't be the Tribe, yea doubly curs't
Be those that Murther'd *Charles* the First,
And may their Names recorded be
In Hell to all Posterity.

Curs't be the Tribe who would have done
The same to *Charles* the Martyr's Son;
But Curs't of all the Race be those,
Who basely did King *James* depose:
Under pretence to set us free,
They sold us unto Slavery.

Curs't be those Rebellious Knaves,
To free themselves would make us Slaves;

Curs't be that Rebel *Delamere*,
Who with the Rabble did appear,
When first th' Invasion was begun,
Against the Father by the Son,
Curs't be th' ungratefull *Churchill*, who
Betray'd his King and Master too.

Let us with one accord agree,
To set our King and Countrey free,
From this accursed Tyranny,
Which by unnatural Usurpation,
Beggars us for the good of th' Nation,
Which is to Swear with mental Reservation.

For sure he never could intend,
The Church of *England* to defend,
When Prelates he left in the Lurch,
And set the Kirk above the Church;
Unless he thought that Prelacy,
The Common Prayer and Liturgie,
Were all the Church's Enemy.

Curs't be the Name of English Man,
To Curse it more Live *William*.

Then we compleatly shall be Curs't,
For of all Cursings he's the worst.
How to Curse more I cannot tell,
In him are all the Plagues of Hell,
God bless King *James*, and so farewell.